

WOMAN AT HOME AND ABROAD

Hope Comes Again To Mrs. Maybrick.

The case of Mrs. Maybrick, the American woman incarcerated in an English prison, whose case has been a cause celebre for the past eight years, has again attracted attention because of the recent appeal made by President McKinley to Lord Salisbury through the United States embassy in London for clemency.

When Mrs. Maybrick was tried in Liverpool for the attempted murder of her husband, no one for a moment supposed that a verdict of guilty could or would be found. One of the papers prematurely announced her acquittal, a result that was received with universal satisfaction and relief. In a little while the real result of the trial was made public and the people were aghast. She had been found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to death. Nothing had been proved. She had been charged with one crime and sentenced for another, and the judge, then in failing mind, shortly afterward retired from the bench.

The trial itself was so doubtful that the sentence was commuted, which never would have been done under the rigid English law had the evidence been conclusive. The fact that a reprieve was granted is in itself an assurance that the home office, stubborn and implacable as it has been, was not absolutely convinced.

Mrs. Maybrick is an American woman with the blood of revolutionary patriots in her veins. She possessed in her girlhood striking beauty, a delicate, fair complexion, fair hair and blue eyes, a slender, graceful figure, with a dignity of carriage which still survives. She had a brilliant mind, which had been improved by study and travel and a natural taste for reading. She is an accomplished linguist, a pianist and draws and paints, and her manner, after eight years of confinement in prison, is still that of a well bred, polished woman.

During the long interval since the prison doors first closed upon Mrs. Maybrick, then a young woman 26 years of age, she has suffered many indignities of mind and body. It is but just to say that much has been done during the past few years to alleviate the lot of the unfortunate doomed to a living death in English prisons, and this has been largely accomplished through the instrumentality of the Humanitarian society, the efforts of chaplains attached to the prisons, and last, but not the least, the appointment of women official visitors.

It is worthy of note that the latest reform is due wholly to the efforts of the British Women Suffrage society, the two ladies assigned to Aylesbury being Adeline, duchess of Bedford, the sister of Lady Henry Somerset, and Lady Battersea, both influential members of that society.

An indignity that was heaped on her was the manner of her removal from Woking to Aylesbury. She was at that time ill with congestion of the lungs, and in the infirmary, but she was forced to rise, dress and was manacled during the entire journey. It was a needless humiliation and certainly indefensible harshness, notwithstanding that it is difficult to discriminate in the treatment of prisoners who, within the pale of the law, cease to claim the rights and privileges of individuals.

As to Mrs. Maybrick herself, as a woman, the manner in which she has borne her terrible doom is sufficiently attested by the profound respect and attention which have been felt for her in every prison where she has been and by all who have come in contact with her, from the governor to the attendants and the poor convicts themselves.

One touching incident is related, the

truth of which cannot be questioned. At one of the prisons there was a convict in the cell next to hers who had been assigned the care of the rooms of the women attendants. The meals of these attendants were served in their rooms, and from the trays the poor creature removed every scrap of food that could be carried away, bits of bread, chicken and beef, and these were conveyed to Mrs. Maybrick's cell and she was forced to eat. She was then in failing health and unable to take the coarse prison fare. Not only did the woman convict befriend her

hit upon male attire and the stone pile as a punishment for women criminals.

The rules are stringent and severe, strict obedience being exacted of necessity from all who are in health—the latter point being decided by the prison surgeons, who are usually excellent men—those at Aylesbury being especially humane, sympathetic and attentive.

The prisoners rise at 6 o'clock and are served with bread and cocoa in their cells. Butter and milk are not supplied, and there are, it seems, no holidays, as is customary in American prisons, when a variation in the fare is allowed. Breakfast over, they work alone in their cells—those not assigned to the kitchen or laundry—until 11 o'clock, when they walk in the yard, three and three, until noon. This enforced exercise, with the lowest and most hardened criminals, must have been peculiarly painful to a woman of Mrs. Maybrick's refinement and intelligence.



MRS. FLORENCE MAYBRICK.

(From a photograph taken before her imprisonment.)

thus, but she mended her clothes, washed and ironed the muslin caps which are a part of the prison uniform, and rendered her every service that a faithful and loving friend could render, ignorant, degraded and criminal though she was. It is a commentary on that cruel and mischievous fallacy, "a bad woman is worse than a bad man," that it is pleasant to know that when she was discharged, half naked and penniless, this woman was gratefully cared for by friends of Mrs. Maybrick in England.

The management of the prisons for women in England is very different from those for men. For one thing, women convicts are not now required to wear a distinctive prison garb, or at least none that would tend to lessen their self respect. An appeal, and a wise one, has been made to this characteristic, and they are spared the canvas suits stamped with the broad arrow which constitute the uniform of male prisoners in Pentonville and elsewhere. It has remained for the genius of a Kansas City common council to

genge. Work is resumed and continued from 12 to 1. Then dinner is served, which consists of bread and soup, mixed with meat and vegetables, all cooked together, and this is also served in the cell in a wooden bowl with a wooden spoon. From 2 to 3 o'clock each prisoner is allowed to sit outside her door in the gallery upon which her cell opens, and for an hour they are permitted to talk with each other.

"But," as Mrs. Maybrick said to a friend, "what can I talk to them about? They have never read anything, so they know nothing of the books that I have read. They know nothing of society or the world to which I once belonged. They could not understand me, nor do I know anything of their life, or the world from which they have come."

And, she might have added, all were not like the poor friend that served her so tenderly and loyally—all were not to be trusted. Many of them ruthlessly betray their fellow prisoners, who may be rash enough to confide in them, in return for which they receive petty favors from the subordinate attendants. It cannot be believed that there are many who would resort to such dishonorable means of keeping themselves informed as to events transpiring within the prison.

Work is resumed after "association," as this hour of conversation is termed, until supper time, and at 6 o'clock the prisoners are locked in their cells. These are in semidarkness—the only light being from the gas jets in the ends of the corridor, not enough to enable the women to read or work. This seems a hardship, and the hours must pass heavily and wearily, with nothing to do but to think. It might almost drive the sane to madness.

There is a religious service in the chapel at Aylesbury every morning at 8 o'clock and on Sunday at 10 and at 3. The prison is most fortunate in having as a chaplain Rev. John Knight Newton, a man of genuine Christianity, deeply interested in both the physical and spiritual welfare of his unhappy charges. It too often happens that the men assigned to these difficult posts, with all their profession and their outward regard for the forms of religion, have hearts of flint and are as destitute of any real feeling as blocks of stone, but to this class Mr. Newton assuredly does not belong.

MANY PLUMES.

There are plumes and plumes on the new hats, and they droop in a most picturesque manner. There are gray plumes on dark blue velvet hats, white plumes on delicate gray hats and black plumes on all sorts and kinds and conditions of hats. It looks as if the ostriches would not have a feather to their backs this winter. But they will be kept in countenance by an army of wingless birds. All the hats which do not have plumes have wings or an occasional whole bird—some as big as hens. The few remaining hats, plumeless and wingless, are decked in plaid ribbons. But plaid hat trimmings are doubtful. In bright color they cheapen almost everything on which they appear.

In France about 120 years ago it was the fashion for mothers and their little girls to dress exactly alike.

Bab Writes About Dear "Aunt Louisa."

[Copyright, 1897.]

From Maine to Florida and from New York straight across to California, everybody—that is, everybody who knows anything about theatricals—has heard of "Aunt Louisa." A first night without her presence lacks the cachet that should belong to it, while a funeral unattended by her sympathetic personality—that is, a theatrical funeral—can't be right away you can fix it. Plenty of people know Aunt Louisa by photograph. Plenty more know her by sight. Half New York has a speaking acquaintance with her, but you have to know her well to realize that behind the jesting, jovial manner and concealed by the bright chatter is a heart big enough to take in all the sick and sorrowing actors and actresses that ever, in a good, bad or indifferent manner, played their parts.

To see Aunt Louisa at her best you must be able to call on her some Saturday morning. Her hours differ from those of Mrs. Millionaire. Old Millionaire's wife receives after 4 o'clock in the afternoon, while Aunt Louisa's hours are from early morn up to 12 high noon. After that there are matinees. Mrs. Millionaire gives the usual afternoon tea, but Aunt Louisa ladies out, as is required, a sympathetic joke, a kind word or even more material treatment when called for. And it is very often called for.

Everybody knows that, as a girl, Aunt Louisa was a great beauty. But nowadays, as the result of attending to the affairs of the entire theatrical profession, weeping with those who weep and smiling with those who smile, she has, as a clever woman said, lost the first flush of extreme youth, that flush having been succeeded by a full hand. But such a full hand! I don't believe that there is a human being so miserable that Aunt Louisa couldn't sympathize with him or her and make a certain amount of happiness take the place of some of the misery. And Aunt Louisa doesn't show her sympathy merely in words.

Somebody said with truth that, while the average theatrical agent made money out of his business, Louisa Eldridge has an amateur charitable association in active operation from which she doesn't derive a dollar, but to which she devotes her attention with the love of spirits—one entirely devoid of a single mercenary thought.

Go down there some Saturday—and by there I mean the house in which Aunt Louisa has dwelt for over 20 years. This house was originally decidedly aristocratic to look upon, but like most earthly tenements it has tumbled from grace and has not been improved by the elevated railroad tearing along past its windows and making conversation a continued effort. But no matter how much noise there may be, Aunt Louisa always hears the appeal for help.

Little Miss Puff-and-Powder was on hand when I went in the other day. She had at last got an engagement and had come to know if Aunt Louisa had anything in the shape of a pink satin skirt that she'd lend her until she got her first week's salary, when she would return it and get a new one. Near her sat a tall, gaunt, ghastly looking man, who wore his hair long and his collar decollete and who needn't have held so conspicuously that bundle of manuscript to impress me that he had come to read a play to Aunt Louisa. He was willing not only to read it, but to act it for her, making his voice change to suit every part.

Aunt Louisa was not present as I entered, though I heard her consulting with a telegraph boy in the hall about a message which had just come to her c. o. d. Miss Fluffkins, who in her palmy days last autumn wore no costumes except those made in Paris, was stranded in Colorado and had tele-

graphed to Aunt Louisa for money to get home. In half an hour the man with the play was making some corrections. Aunt Louisa was up to her belt in a huge trunk and I was helping her find a costume for the Puff-and-Powder girl, who had gone off for rehearsal.

A few minutes later an old time actor—a very old time one, since his legs were distinctly bad and his back decidedly queer—came in and after a gracious "good morning" all around, said he'd like to speak to Aunt Louisa alone for a few minutes. We all know what that means. He's getting a little money.

direct from Aunt Louisa herself, and in addition is urging her to use her influence with Jefferson or Mansfield to get him a position in the company.

Then there are two or three elderly actresses who drop in and who remember Macready and have no opinion of the people of today; therefore they severely criticize all the young actors, who to them are sticks. Yet they are nice, kindly old souls, who left the stage while they were in their prime and whose names appear in the history of the American theater.

If an actor dies, the reporters think nothing of ringing Aunt Louisa up at 2 o'clock in the morning to find out whether he was first old man with Forrest, played juveniles with the elder Booth or voted the straight Democratic ticket. A little later on Aunt Louisa will be using her influence with the actors' fund to get it to do something for the widow and children; and she will have stuff dyed black so that the poor souls may be in decent mourning, and she will nearly run her legs off looking after the interests of this tribe who, up to the time of the late lamented's death, was unknown to her.

However, there is one day in the year when Aunt Louisa is literally queen of the May. This is on the Sunday night after Christmas, when every small tot connected with the stage is taught what Christmas means by having his little tum-tum well filled, his little body well covered and his poor little heart delighted by the very gift that he wanted most.

For weeks before Aunt Louisa and Tony Pastor work together, as only real ministering angels do, and then, when the festivity takes place, Aunt Louisa, dressed in her finest frock, is simply one magnificent smile and doesn't look a day over 21. Mr. Grease Paint, whose son, 11 years old, is training for the legitimate, is made happy by hearing him recite Hamlet's soliloquy; the small niece of Miss Puff-and-Powder (whose likeness to Miss Puff-and-Powder is sufficiently great to make unkind people shrug their shoulders) does a skirt dance, while the small boy whose grandfather was Edwin Forrest's dresser makes a stump speech. Aunt Louisa is too tender hearted to refuse to allow any child to make a fool of itself, and everybody knows that the theatrical child is never happy unless it is following in the steps of its more or less artistic predecessors. The children have their innings in one way; then, before the well spread table, they have it in another, and then the Christmas gifts are distributed.

Earlier in the day there has been a meeting of mothers and children at the Hotel Eldridge, when warm flannels, shoes and stockings, good topcoats, hats, everything or anything that can make a child comfortable in the way of clothes is given out to the poor little bits of humanity who know what it means to be cold.

These are the times when millionaires are writing to Aunt Louisa; when Eldridge Gerry sends his check and tells her that it comes from him with great pleasure; when Mrs. George Gould gives her contribution; when everybody is glad to give as much as he can so that the little people of the stage may have a happy Christmas. And they wouldn't be so generous, these millionaires, if it were not for Aunt Louisa Eldridge. They know her sincerity, and they know her honesty, and they are sure



"AUNT LOUISA" ELDRIDGE.

baby, and arranges that, until the mother grows stronger, they are to be together; and then a situation is to be got for the mother, while the baby goes off to the country to get fresh air, good milk and kindly care.

Aunt Louisa has an address book that is marvelous. She knows more kind people, and she is ready to excuse more unkind people, than any woman of my acquaintance. She is quick with a joke, but she wouldn't hurt the feelings of the most forlorn creature that ever lived. I often wonder, when I look at her, what in the world she will find to do in heaven, for she's going there straight. Aunt Louisa has had her purgatory here in shouldering the woes of other women. Idleness will never suit her. Consequently, unless there is some special arrangement by which she can look after the angels with aspirations toward the "historic," I don't know what will become of her. Her weaknesses—she only has two—are attending auctions and buying flowers for funerals. Mary Fiske once declared that she read a bill from a florist that was worded in this fashion:

MRS. LOUISA ELDRIDGE TO BULBUS GRAFT, DR.
1 Crown, "Ta-ta, Maria".....\$ 5 00
1 Cross, "R. F. L." (See you later)..... 8 50
1 Pillow, "S. Y. L." (See you later)..... 7 00
Stand of flowers to steamship..... 10 00
Cornucopia with flag..... 7 00
1 Crown, "So Long"..... 5 00
1 Pillow, "G. P." (Grandpa)..... 1 Cross,
"P. A. L." (Planted at last)..... 10 50

Received payment, B. GRAFT.

Of course I can't vouch for this bill, but I think it possible. Aunt Louisa's strongest emotion is her patriotism. When she saw the queen at the time of the jubilee she saluted her by waving the American flag at her, and some people, frivolous people, do not hesitate to say that the queen winked in recognition. Aunt Louisa believes that this is the greatest country in the world, that it's fine to be an American, and while she is civil to the English, she doesn't forget that little affair of a few years ago when our fighting forefathers appreciated the fit of the backs of their red coats.

Bab

HAS TWELVE DRESSMAKERS.

It is well known that the German empress is an ideal housekeeper as well as an ideal wife and mother. Her dread of waste goes so far that the suits of her elder children are cut down to fit the younger boys, and her own court dresses are altered again and again, so as not to be recognized when they are worn at any court functions. Yet it is also reported that an army of 12 dressmakers is always at work for the empress and that it is increased to over 30 whenever the empress is about to start on a journey. New gowns would, after all, be less expensive, since the great Berlin artist in dresses who makes the court costumes for her majesty charges only about \$75 for making a gown of state.

A return from a dusty trip or a ride in the wind should be followed by a hot rather than a cold bath. The escaping steam induces perspiration, and the hot water washes out the fine dust.



BLUE SERGE WITH SATIN STRAPPING.

This is an illustration of a new and pretty costume of powder blue serge, with a coat turning back with revers edged with fine gold braid.



TAN COVERT COATING LINED WITH BLACK.

Here is a pretty dress of tan covert coating, lined with black satin, with seam piped in the same material. The skirt of which, cut in the latest fashion, is quite flat about the waist, back and front, spreading into very wide circumference below the hips. This is a very smart and capital dress for rainy weather.